

THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair and warmer with southeasterly winds.

And now we may find out just how far Cecil Rhodes is responsible for Dr. Jim's campaign.

The Weyler censorship is being so vigorously applied that nothing but Weylerisms are allowed to escape.

The New York delegates will all be for Morton, but their second choice will be Mr. Platt's personal property.

If Whitney, Gorman and Brice remain at home, what an opportunity there will be for the amateur managers at the Chicago Convention!

Can it be possible that Hon. George Frisbie Hoar's attempt at a mustache is intended as a flank movement on Mr. Reed's New England delegates?

Unless all of the indications are unreliable, Governor Morton is ascertaining that Mr. Platt is also an expensive boss.

The fact that a few overheated Spaniards and Americans have flags to burn need not add any particular gravity to our international complications.

Abbazia will be more than usually interesting this Spring. For it is there that Kaiser Wilhelm will meet his unfortunate ally, King Humbert, and will try to patch up some means of helping him.

The Manufacturers' Association of St. Louis has done well to withdraw from the National Manufacturers' Association, when that body showed its evident intention to attach itself to the McKinley boom.

Comptroller Fitch should understand by this time that he is but wasting the official time for which he is paid by calling on Mayor Strong to be consistent. Consistency is not one of the tenants of the Mayor's Jewel case.

Reform Sheriff Tamsen has "engaged" from the clutches of the Grand Jury. But he is not "owed" of danger. Governor Morton has yet to pass on his playful manner of conducting the Ludlow Street boarding house.

Mayor Gleason, of Long Island City, has declined to meet Schoolboy Frank Wood in a competitive examination in the branches of learning that are taught in the public schools. Young Wood should now train his guns on Mayor Strong, whose famous message to the Aldermen was lamentably shaky in etymology, syntax and prosody.

Mr. Platt will not be cheated of all his "commissions." By means of a "supplementary bill," after the Consolidation bill is passed, he means to have the present Police Commissioners legislated out of office. "Teddy" has just heard of it, and expresses some little surprise. But a Raines bill and the present tactics of the Commissioners with regard to saloons would not be exactly in harmony. Mr. Platt wants his compact little company of sbirri to do most of the work which young Mr. Roosevelt's policemen now accomplish with regard to Sunday closing. And it was doubtless a part of his political bargain with certain parties that the reform Commission should go.

THE NEW SALVATION ARMY.

It is not strange that when a religious movement adopts the manners and tactics of an Army it should frequently have discussions over its flags. General William Booth is a noble old man, who hit upon an idea which has proved potent for saving the weak who were well-nigh sunk in the sloughs of civilization. Full of a rare enthusiasm, he wanted to extend his system rough all lands and among all people, subjecting it everywhere to his mental and British authority. But British ways are not our ways, and Hallington Booth long ago found out that they would not do for American air. Never were two nations which speak the same language more widely dissimilar in their methods.

When an American comedy is taken to London, to be played it has to be written all over, so different are customs, manners and processes of thought in the old country. So when a new religious idea comes here to be acclimated it must fatally undergo a widening, amplifying process which may not entirely please its founder. An attempt to coerce a man who has breathed American air, to confine him in the narrow formulas and vexing bounds of European authority, is always a failure. Ballington Booth is too sincere and too able to let his usefulness be lessened by a clinging to old models. He looks out upon new horizons, and a fresh range of vision often demands a change of marching orders. The American Salvation Army will

be an independent religious organization. American and Independent are equivalent terms.

OUR DUTY TO CUBA.

To His Excellency, the Spanish Minister, who did this Journal the honor of addressing the American people through its columns, it may be frankly admitted that much of what is affirmed of Spanish cruelty in Cuba is not attested by proof. Much, indeed, may be said to be almost obviously erroneous—such as Senator Morgan's assertion that in the war of 1895-78 more than 40,000 prisoners had been put to death.

It needs no particular knowledge of the matter to disbelieve that story; a person of the ordinary natural intelligence, and with enough of experience to preserve him from the error of purchasing gold bricks from strangers, instinctively feels that it is untrue. That Senator Morgan was persuaded of its truth by merely seeing it in an encyclopaedia must be accepted as a conspicuous example of the occurrence of the unexpected. It may as well be admitted, too, that Senor De Lome makes a very good defence of General Weyler against Senator Sherman, though a defence of General Weyler against General Weyler would be a more difficult undertaking.

In every war these charges of barbarity are rife, and, passing to other lands than the country of their origin, they live in history or die unremembered, according to accident or their degree of literary vitality, with which their truth or falsity has nothing to do. The pretty sentiment that truth crushed to earth will rise again, while error, wounded, dies among her worshippers, owes nothing of its own longevity to its harmony with fact. It is conceded, then, that the Spanish heart is not as black as the insurgent Cubans find a solace in painting it, and that General Weyler and the Gila monster have more points of difference than yield themselves to the scrutiny of that spectacled naturalist, Mr. Amos Cummings.

But what of all that? If America bases its claim to the right of recognition and intervention in any degree upon the brutality of Spanish military methods, and if those methods are unobjectionable—which we do not believe—let all that be left out of consideration. We are able to forego its advantages; we put our right of interpolation on broader ground. America believes that the right of a people to rise in arms against monarchical rule is inherent and inalienable; that it is not dependent upon the character of that rule.

We believe that monarchical rule is misrule, however mild; that republican government is good government, however corrupt. It is held here that the best monarchical government contains the seeds of evil, the worst republican the germs of good. Both are to be judged by a broader survey than is afforded by their present condition and visible results. The dedication of the Western Hemisphere to republican government is manifest destiny; and for promotion of manifest destiny all things work together. The trend of events once discerned, all tributary influences go streaming forward to swell the current; and the prime folly of the world is his who sets his breast against the accelerating force. It is not by the American people that the freedom of Cuba has been declared; they only accept the mandate of events and loyally conform to the spirit of history.

It is hardly a moral question, but in so far as it is, the right is on our side, for it is with Cuba. As was said the other day in the briefest speech of the debate in the House of Representatives, a people struggling to be free is always right. We cannot look upon the struggle with indifference, nor, if the contest occurs at our very doors, do we need to cast about for reasons to justify our intervention. We have set the example of freedom; its contagion has run like a flame over two continents. If Cuba is near enough to be accessible to the light and heat of it we owe her a duty that is not prescribed in any code of international obligations that can be found in the archives of the Spanish Legation at Washington.

Indiana has become the scene of a very bitter quarrel over the political estate of Hon. Benjamin Harrison. The next Republican statesman who retires from the race should leave a will.

THE CASE OF DYCAR.

There was once a correspondent locked up in a prison in Cuba, and a British gunboat captain informed the Spanish authorities that if that man was not released before the sun rose next morning he would bombard the city, off which he lay. The prisoner was released.

An American was arrested in Cuba three weeks ago. His papers were all straight, and showed that his residence on the island was a matter of days. Yet he was accused of being a colonel in the rebel army, was not allowed to

communicate with his Consul or anybody else. It was only by accident that the fact that Walter Grant Dygar was a prisoner at Guines became known. Then formal notice of it was given the American Consul at Havana. He promised to attend to the matter as soon as the congested state of the business of his office permitted, and though a week has passed since then no news has come of the young man's release, and the United States Government at Washington, it seems, has not even been notified of the case, which shows where the American Consul differs from the English captain.

Nobody is calling for a bombardment to force the release of young Dygar, but it is safe to say that Spain would not hold a citizen of any other country except the United States without evidence of his wrong-doing. The Spanish authorities could not but know from the papers on the prisoner that he was an innocent traveller, yet they gave out that they had in him a noted rebel leader who has caused them trouble for a year back. Dygar's sole crime seems to be that he travelled on a public road, unarmed, and minded his own business. He does not appear to be a citizen of particular importance or influence, but that hardly justifies his being ignored and allowed to rot in a Spanish jail, even if the business of certifying to manifests and other fee-paying processes is flourishing in the American Consulate at Havana.

An old Boer who has been in the three great battles against the English in South Africa—Majuba, Bronkhorst and Doodikhon—says that each time he saw the flag it was white. He maintains gently, but firmly, that "the British flag is white."

THE NEW CITY CHARTER.

Fresh obstacles arise in the path of Consolidation as it nears the goal. The jealousy of the cities was fully aroused by Mr. Platt's scheme of commissions, which was, fortunately, exposed in time. Now the citizens of both cities are beginning to cast jealous looks upon the charter for Greater New York, and to hint that the people must have a chance to pronounce upon it before it can be accepted. The Brooklyn Senators all say that they cannot approve of any Greater New York bill unless it shall contain a charter referendum. The veto power of the Mayors looms into view, and Mayor Strong and Mayor Wurstler might both veto the act creating the composite city, if they did not happen to like a charter made by an appointed commission. Further concessions must, therefore, be made if the bill is to pass this week.

It may fairly be said that none of these demands are unreasonable. The people should have been more carefully consulted in the first place as to the nature of the government which they are henceforth to live under. The main grievance of Brooklyn from the start has been that it was kept in dense ignorance of the form of government likely to be adopted. Brooklyn has one of the best city charters in the world, and does not care to exchange it "sights unseen" for something fashioned by a commission in the formation of which it has had but small voice. The Commission of Fifteen may make a model charter, which will be the wonder and the envy of surrounding cities. But in case they fall both cities mean to have the remedy at hand.

It is encouraging to note that the cities are gradually getting the whip hand in the affair. The attitude of supplication is no longer adopted. The great urban communities are becoming a trifle dictatorial. This will serve as a wholesome corrective of hayseed vanity, and as a proof that Home Rule is yet alive in the land. In a country where there are so many safeguards of liberty as in America, self-government cannot die.

The campaign against expectoration in street cars in this city is well started on the Third Avenue surface line with the placard: "Passengers must not expectorate on the floor of the car. By order of the Board of Health." The intervention of the Health Board seems to work wonders on the hardened cases who were wont to make sport of all warning signs. The reform will bear extension.

A bilious contemporary airily applied the name "brutish Congress" to the last Congress, and in alluding to the present one calls it a "body of idle, lazy and not very scrupulous men." These terms are applied to the Congress because it shows evidence of earnestness and patriotism. It is easy to blackguard a whole body of men; but if our contemporary were to apply such epithets to individual members it is probable that it would have extreme cause to regret it.

It will take the people of the United States a long time to regard the threat of a war with Spain as anything but a Quixotic joke. They are too quick at estimating physical forces. Such outbreaks as those at Barcelona and Valencia are only an ebullition of ignorance and passion, peculiar to a people singularly out of touch with the tendency of things. If war is to be the penalty of expressing our sympathy for a down-trodden people, we shall probably accept it with Yankee coolness and allow the comic papers to carry it on. But it is doubtful if any threat from the most powerful nation on earth will ever avail to suppress the ineradicable hatred which the American people have for tyranny, or their spontaneous sympathy for a struggling nation fighting for freedom.

Thumbnail Sketch No. 15.

Eugene Hale!

Washington, March 9.—To-day Eugene Hale, Senator from Maine, made his anti-Cuban speech in the Senate. It was not an effort of the sort termed great. It made no vast impression. The Senate listened—it could do no less—and was relieved when he closed, in cool and calm, his long speech. Hale talked rather than spoke. His style was slow, dull, colorless; his words were wide apart, as if they distrusted each other; his figures had no life; his rhetoric owned no beauty; there were no swells, no curves; the whole speech was as if one turned a crank.

As to the effect of this forensic effort of Hale, the Senate was careless of it. It hardly served to stir the Senate mood, and came to no more, so far as any arousal of Senate heat was concerned, than throwing water on a drowned rat. It pleased Papa Hoar, of Massachusetts, who sat by Hale's side and looked like Crankshaft's pictures of Pickwick. It delighted Senator Dupuy de Lome, the wife of the Spanish Minister, who in smiles and silk attire made the gallery of the diplomats. It set Mills, of Texas, to private growls as he sat in the Senate, and it elicited an objection at one technical crisis from Davis, of Minnesota; an objection which he later withdrew. That is the sum total of result.

Hale is a square-built, stocky, full-faced Senator of middle height and size. He is well modeled, albeit a bit emphasized as to the stomach, and with the general Senate impression clinging about him of being overweight. His gray mustache is of a thin, narrow, delicate type, and is gracefully trimmed and clipped to nicely fit his face; his gray hair, showing something of treason and desertion at the top, is evenly parted along the middle rather of his head, and culminates in a damp-gray bang, which clings to his forehead with a circular, fanlike spread, like the tail of a ruffed grouse.

Look in Hale's face, and one finds his eyes keen, little and selfish. One sees in their cold, narrow depths that every endeavor pivots and swings on the principle of an existence of Hale, for Hale, by Hale, if Hale and another sat down to a dinner with only enough for one, Hale would get it. His nose has just enough of the scimitar in its curve to be predatory. It suggests the fishhawk or some fowl of prey and sudden seizures.

Hale does not think deeply, but he sees quickly, and is quick to act. The jaw, mouth, nose and the whole lower face overpower the upper, and give the animal to be fairly developed and fears that it is quietly loose. His skin is of rich over-ripe hue, like a prize fighter off his training, or a well-colored merschaum.

Personally, of those who meet Hale some like him, some don't. He can be pleasant enough in a rude fashion, but he can say sore, unpleasant things, too—when he dare—for the fibre of the man is coarse. Hale is what is described as a high liver; eats well, drinks well and dresses well. He prefers wine to Potomac water, ortolans to oat meal, and would rather ride than walk. Nor does he order neckties and shoes at the saloon.

Hale has the Senatorial air, and is lofty, unless some reason exists for a warmer and more familiar pose. He can be a snob and a toady, too, if given a snob or toady cause. He has fame for soft gallantries, and—like many a Yankee—while preaching like a Roundhead performs like a Cavalier—a specious admixture of hypocrisy and heat. Hale is now in years the age of sixty. He has held office since he was twenty, and for forty years he has stepped from place to place, election to re-election, as if official position were stepping stones to take one from the cradle to the grave.

Born in 1836, he was young and lusty in 1860. But the war could not charm him to the front. It may here be remarked that of Hale, Frye, Tom Reed, Dingie, Milliken and Boutelle, the six who appear to-day for Maine in the nation's councils, Boutelle is the only one who ever snapped a cap in defense of the flag, and floats over their salaries and to which they so frequently and "feelingly" point with pride, as did Hale to-day. Boutelle smiled powder, and the fumes seem still exuding his nostrils for that matter.

As a Senator Hale is middleweight. His influence, to say the best of it, has its limits. Nor would they elicit but a day's journey for a child. Yet justice is done; the measure of Hale's influence is fairly the measure of Hale. If he'd been a dog he wouldn't have been a bear dog; Hale would have been a squirrel dog.

Hale has served in House and Senate twenty-five years. No great measure, however, over bore his name; nor has he left his saw or hammer marks about any of the important joints or members of the great framework of the nation. But he has been steadily and selfishly and securely for Hale every moment, which was, after all, his full purpose.

When Hale first came to the House he was rustic and laughably unfashionable. His hair was long and his trousers short. Blaine cut the one and lengthened the other. He made Hale dress. Being naturally gallant and a squire of dames, Hale soon learned to know good clothes. To-day he is the glass of fashion and the model of form; the measure of the Senate is Hale, and he divides with Walcott the palm due to the best dressed man in the upper house.

It was a score of years ago, while existing politically as "Blaine's Cub," that Hale married the daughter of old Zack Chandler, then Senator from Michigan, and about that time famous with Republicans and infamous with Democrats as the architect of Hayes. We won't discuss that here. But Chandler was very rich, while Hale was not, and as Miss Chandler was then, as now, when Mrs. Hale, a lady of heart, worth, superb grace and many excellencies, it was all as good fortune for Hale as any in the world might wish.

Such, but short and brief, is Hale of Maine. He will always think first of himself, do first for himself and is the sort who will have a good personal time on earth. Why he tries to hold the door on Cuba is a matter of surmise. Some attribute it to his friendship with the late Sen. Hoar, and the Spanish Minister, and his family. Others hold that it is part of a New England plan to keep Cuba where she is, fearing that her emancipation may somehow mean free Cuban sugar, to the overthrow of Hawaiian values, in which the Yankees are deeply interested. Be the reason, however, what it may, Hale has done all he will, or may, or can, and it has come to nothing. He has made his speech; and whether Hale is better off as an income, at least, Cuba is none the worse.

A. H. L.

We Still Hope.

[Chicago Tribune.] We still have hopes that the United States will succeed in keeping itself from getting mixed up in this affair between Italy and Abyssinia.

Jerry and Mary Ellen.

[Detroit Tribune.] Jerry Simpson is a solid man, ordinarily, but in his old-fashioned way he has a mind to raise

"Bohemia."

Half a dozen whiffs of breezy dialogue, a humorous episode or two and May Robson are the stock in trade of the comedy by Clyde Fitch called "Bohemia," presented at the Empire Theatre last night. Mr. Fitch is a frothy, feather person, with the superficial brilliancy of Palais Royal jewelry—warmed at the first glance to look like the real thing. He can erect a joke rather neatly, and he can write good English. In fact, he is bounded on the north by jokes and the south by polished English. The intervening space is cheap, plink-back, penny dreadful, servant girl annualish and all that sort of thing.

That is how he appears in "Bohemia," which he manfully informs us is adapted from the French of Henri Murger. Of course you know Murger's "Vie de Boheme," if you've ever known it, feeling quite convinced you don't. It is not a novel. It is just a book of Quartier Latin atmosphere, that you won't find in Bleeker street or South Fifth avenue. It deals with the adventures of sundry impetuous young men, a la "Tribby," and certain jovially naughty girls to whom the formality of marriage was not an absolute necessity. The book is full of exquisitely humorous incidents, and it is richly impressed with a wealth of local color that Mr. Fitch has been quite unable to adapt.

Still, in his light and frothy moments, this young playwright was undeniably amusing. With the able collaboration of May Robson, who, as a Quartier Latin lodging-house keeper, displayed an originality in her make-up that Fitch at no time exhibited in his comedy, laughs were captured episcopally, and at the end of the first act, things looked bright. The second act, however, was sketched rather merrily, and Marcel the painter, uttered laugh-producing quiperies. Then there was the philosophic Colonne, and there was the demure Raptiste, to say nothing of Schammand, the musician.

When these gossamer-minded haywards were frivolous about, the audience was kept in incessant good humor. You could snuff on-out and Doder in the air. There was jollity, and there was entertaining lightness of touch. As soon as he left these bric-a-brac comedy incidents, however, Mr. Fitch was smashed into large and irritating pieces. His "serious" element was ineffectually cheap and third class. It was the sort of thing that an enlightened audience could scarcely be expected to tolerate.

Mr. Fitch probably thought if a superbly dramatic stroke to come Mimi, the insulted, to fling the money offered for her by Armand—i mean Rudolph's uncle—in his face, as she "drew herself up to her full height." To us it appeared extremely antiquarian and unnecessary. Yet this was the only solid food the playwright had to offer with his atmospheric sauce. It was not enough. The lunar light episode, too, was most aggravating. Somehow or other we have grown out of the sort of thing. We are past the point at which lovers' quarrels brought about by the ancient letter dodge. We liked it when we wore our swaddling clothes, but we have laid those garments aside. We are big boys now.

"Bohemia" has nothing but frolicsome prattle to commend it, and some backbone was necessary. The Quartier Latin atmosphere of "Tribby" was palatable because with it were dished up the entrancing Svengali and the eccentric lady with the feet. You enjoyed the Bohemia there set forth because it wasn't everything that Du Maurier and Potter had to offer. The Bohemia of "Tribby" was indeed "the vestibule of the renowned." In Mr. Fitch's play it is the lobby of the tuppenny ha'penny and the ante-chamber of the two-for-a penny. Mimi was a dreadfully uninteresting creature, not very far removed from the black clad heroine of melodrama, and Masette was a Grand street shop girl, and the Parisian picnic she enjoyed was at Oak Point Grove, on the Sound, excursion tickets fifty cents, and a band on board.

Perhaps this "Bohemia" suffered from its cause. They couldn't catch the atmosphere and bottle it. You see, they had been too long with "Michael and His Lost Angel" and "A Woman's Reason." It is all very well to talk of versatility. Versatility scarcely exists among actors to-day. To have given "Bohemia" a chance special people should have been engaged for it, as they were engaged for "Tribby." That's the way they do in London. That is the way they will do in New York now. Miss Viola Allen, clever actress, charming woman—all that, I grant you—was as much like Mimi as Sarah Bernhardt would be like Mrs. Murphy in "Chimney Fadden." She did the best she could, but that will not satisfy an audience. As for Dodson, magnificent actor, over whom I have raved time after time, his idea of Schammand, was that of a decaying, boozy Englishman, the sort of you can see any morning at the Bow Street Police Court. Henry Miller tried to be witty and skittish. He even attempted to play a jump on a wall. He fell from the wall, and he kept on falling during the rest of the play. The entire cast was absurd, impersonating Parisians, and as Mr. Fitch reckoned so much on his atmosphere, it was a pity that he didn't get it.

Miss Robson was the only member of the company who helped to make matters cheerful. Since a make-up as she displayed I have never before seen. It was more marvellously artistic than anything she has ever shown us, and it simply defies description. Miss Robson can shake hands with herself this morning, and if Mr. Fitch should meet her—well, I don't think that a kiss of gratitude, planted by him on her reverent brow, would be out of order. Miss Robson was in the picture. The others were not. They were all stodgy "ladies and gentlemen," instead of rollicking Bohemians, whose vocabulary is "the hell of rhetoric and the paradise of neologisms." Perhaps, however, they said that Mr. Fitch, the Mary Jane's favorite love story, pure and sweet, that he told, was undoubtedly his choice bit, and that was acted far better than it deserved to be. The heroine drew herself up to her full height, and the hero gazed longingly into those lustrous orbs. Mary Jane will get her money's worth.

ALAN DALE.

Anxiety in St. Paul.

[Chicago Dispatch.] St. Paul is awaiting the Netherlands kins with feverish impatience. A man up there recently paid \$2,750 for 2,122 kisses delivered by a pretty wife of a neighbor, and he is beginning to suspect that he has been cheated.

Cold and Distant.

[Chicago Dispatch.] Nansen doesn't write home regularly. Of late he has been quite cold and distant.

Advice to Ingalls.

[Chicago Tribune.] John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, must find some way to occur offense.

What We May Expect.

[Chicago Tribune.] The prospect is now that the Keely motor and Dr. Garner's stamin dictionary will be turned loose on the world about the same time.

A Cold Sweat.

[Detroit Tribune.] The opponents of the Quaker loom seem strangely to have laughed themselves into a cold sweat.

LITERARY SHOP-TALK.

A wave of revival is creeping slowly about the globe on which we dwell. In its religious manifestations it laps the shores of Bridgton, N. J., Cedar Falls, Iowa, Denver, and minor places. In its literary manifestations it rises, now here, now there, localized, in America, in Chicago, as the Journal is about to show. Holger Drachman, a Danish poet, painter and novelist, is an apostle of the new school of literature in Denmark, whose works are almost unknown in America. One of the least ambitious of these, "Paul and Virginia of a Northern Zone," the publishers, Messrs. Way & Williams, Chicago, introduce to the American public in a tastefully gotten up volume, with an unpleasant cover design by Bruce Rogers. "A tale of youth and its triumphant love," is the attractive promise of the publishers' announcement. In the original Danish there is the strong smell of the sea, the waves that gleam and flash in sunlight, and shipwreck in storm, the simple, sturdy, silent life of Danish sailor men and fisher folk. Much of the charm of Herr Drachman's style, the word painting, is lost in an English translation. Still, there are many pictures—for Herr Drachman is primarily a painter—such as this: The boats are returning home at sunset, the men have leaped out into the water and drawn their boats up to land, have unlashed them, throwing their cargoes in heaps upon the beach; then:

"Quickly there was formed a long chain of woollen backs and blue backs, of bare legs, or legs in long boots—all formed on both sides of the rope and leading up toward the land. Then there sounded a 'Yo, heave ho! Up with her!' And then all the backs around the rope leaned forward, while other backs and other legs thrust themselves under and along the sides of the tar-coated boat, and slowly and noiselessly she glided up on the strand."

That is a marine bit that hangs itself on the walls where mental pictures go, as vividly as an actual marine on the walls of the Academy.

A sullen and unattractive girl forms the chief element necessary to a "tale of love." In fact, she and her old aunt are the only women in the book, but neither adds to the strength of what is really a tale of men and wives. A strong, self-contained boy who could, unaided, guide his craft through a stormy night, with a drunken and unconscious captain for freight, as Tomes begins his career by doing, has no need of the inspiration of any girl to blaze out his pathway to the sea, especially in a village where to be a sailor is the goal of all ambition, where the fisher folk are the "common people," and the sailors and captains the nobility.

This Paul and Virginia is a painter's story, a delicate little water-color, in blues and whites, and just enough gray for shadow. It is a narrative, the story itself is slender to hold the attention of a "problem"-surfeited English-speaking public.

In "Her Majesty" Elizabeth Tompkins tells the story of a young queen who, desirous of learning something of the wrongs of her people, attends in disguise a meeting of workmen in one of the squares of her capital. She meets the Agitator Hillier, who is really one of her own nobles, and they fall in love with each other. Their case is hopeless, as no queen may marry a subject, but a fortunate revolution occurring about that time and the queen being deposed, they take advantage of it to be married, and about a year afterward are invited back to reign, the experiment of a republic not having proved a success. It is not stated where this kingdom is situated, but in spite of the Monroe Doctrine it is evidently near the United States, for the characters indulge largely in American slang. The queen describes the person as "dressed in the slender to hold the attention of a 'problem'-surfeited English-speaking public."

Mr. Marriott-Watson has taken a highwayman of the seventeenth century as his hero in "Galloping Dick," and with much twisting of language has sought to impart an old-world air to the speech of Richard and those whom he encounters. The book is full of adventure, but fuller of words. One expects a rush of incident and excitement, but on closing the book the feeling is one of disappointment, for "Galloping Dick" in spite of his many adventures, narrowly escapes being extremely tiresome.

The Transatlantic Publishing Company, No. 63 Fifth Avenue, will publish in a few days a new novel by Julius Chambers, well known as a newspaper man in New York for twenty-five years entitled "Missing: a Romance of the Sargasso Sea." Its issue has been delayed by advance orders. Illustrations are already making for the press, and one of the royal soldiers takes leave of another in the words, "so long."

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About two years ago Mr. R. A. Russell, of New York, made an extended journey through Eastern Europe. He will publish, through the Scribners, a volume of his impressions under the title "The Edge of the Orient," and as Mr. Russell is known to be a close observer as well as a clever writer, it is expected that his book will furnish a great deal of information in an exceptionally interesting form.

Americans dearly love a millionaire, and for that reason, if for no other, the March number of the Progress of the World will find a large number of appreciative readers, for it contains an extended and well-illustrated description of George W. Vanderbilt's North Carolina estate "Biltmore." Edgar Poe once wrote a story called "The Landscape Gardener," which told of a man who had inherited a fortune of \$500,000,000 and was compelled to take up landscape gardening because there was no other field of occupation that would absorb his income. It is possible that Mr. Vanderbilt conceived the idea of Biltmore from this sketch.

Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage," which has achieved such a remarkable success in England, has gone into its fourth American edition.

The Popular Science Monthly lacks a distinctively popular feature this month, but the articles cover a wide range of thought and represent the movement of the day.

John Fiske, one of the greatest American thinkers, as well as one of the most trustworthy and interesting of our historians, writes of the troubled times in old Virginia in the March Atlantic under the title of "A Seminary of Sedition." Mr. Fiske never writes anything that is not worth reading.

Rather Full. [Detroit News.] The latest view of Mr. Platt discloses him with his hands rather full of situation.

Odd Occurrences.

Out of Town.

Throws a Fortune in the Fire. Mrs. McConnell, the wife of a section boss on the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling Railroad, living at Seville, near Akron, O., lost her fortune in a minute and 18 cents. She had saved \$3,900. This sum she kept in bills, which made quite a bundle. The bundle she secured about the house. Wishing to go visiting for a day and fearing to leave her money in the empty house, she gave it to her neighbor to keep for her, without stating what was in the bundle. In a moment of absent mindedness the neighbor threw the old paper into the fire and it burned away before she remembered it belonged to Mrs. McConnell. Both the neighbor and Mrs. McConnell are nearly frantic with grief.

Two Vicious Eagles. A thrilling experience with two large Arctic eagles took place on the marshes of Seabrook, Mass., a few days ago. Daniel A. Walton, of that town, was with his team on the border of the marshes waiting to see a party. While sitting in the wagon he noticed the approach of two large birds across the marsh.

When they were nearly over his head he observed that they were uncommonly large eagles, and to his astonishment and fear they began to settle down with the evident intention of making an attack upon him. They swooped down upon him in a most ferocious manner. His only weapon of defence was a coal basket, which he used in an unsuccessful effort to ward them off. They became so desperate in their attack that Mr. Walton was obliged to jump from the wagon and run for protection to the nearest house. The eagles pursued him until he was safe inside the house. Then they turned about and went off in a different direction, making loud outcries. A few years ago Samuel Walton, an uncle of Daniel, was attacked in a similar manner by an eagle, and had to hide under his wheelbarrow to escape his angry antagonist.

Ghosts that Shovel Coal. Rochester furnishes a ghost story. It's a little out of the ordinary, for these Rochester spooks shovel phantom coal in a house on Favor street, in that city, night after night.

Some fourteen years ago, it is said, a colored man committed suicide in the house by cutting his throat, and since that time a woman is reported to have hung herself to a beam in the kitchen. It is the spirit of these two.

Persons who are believed to be the cause of the strange sounds which have been heard there of late. Sometimes the noises take the shape of rappings, and may be said to closely resemble those which have taken place at the seances of Spiritualists. Again the spirits will disport themselves by shovelling coal